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"My experience was by dreaming. One time before I was married—I must have been about eight years old—I was sleeping in a big lodge and a 'person' came and wakened me. He had a bag of medicines on his back. He came to me on four successive nights and laid out these medicines and told me what each was for. On the third of these nights there was a man lying there—he was just skin and bones. The 'person' who had awakened me told me: 'You could take all these medicines and you could cure people like that one lying there' [i.e., a person in the last extremity]. In my dream I would do everything he told me, manipulate my hands to draw out the sickness, and do everything. But I didn't want that power and would tell him so. Each morning too I would relate to my grandmother exactly what had happened in the night but she would try to hush me up, telling me: 'Don't say anything; don't tell anyone. You will be a great medicine woman.' But I didn't want that power. I didn't like it because when medicine people suck on the weak part of the sick person they have to swallow what they extract. I had decided I would rather be quiet and not do anything like that, or sacrifice my flesh, or things of that kind. Perhaps if it had come later I might have taken that power and become great."

Nevertheless when later in life she had other dreams indicating supernatural power, she likewise refused. She explained in regard to one of these experiences, for instance: "The one who awakened me this time had told me to face the rising sun and was showing me how to make a smudge from the moss that grows close on logs; but I told him. 'No. I would rather not have it.' Those who have power die too soon."

Incidentally, still in connection with curing, bleeding was an operation which was performed purely as a natural remedy for a person who felt dizzy or sluggish. Anyone could do it—no supernatural validation was needed. Other women described quite casually how it was done and discussed the various times they had actually performed the operation. Coming Daylight, however, insisted that while there was really nothing to such an operation, she could never bring herself to perform it, nor would she allow anyone else to bleed her; she could not stand the sight of blood.

The aversion to the sight of blood and to self-mutilation was evidently deep-seated and showed itself in a marked manner early in her life. On one occasion a close relative was very ill. In such a situation it was expected that every member of the family would rally around and do whatever he could toward the recovery. Among the things that fell within the scope of activity for female relatives was that of vowing to sacrifice something valuable, including perhaps the blood from one's arm or a finger-joint, if the person recovered. At this particular time, Coming Daylight was a young child, and her grandmother decided that it would be appropriate for the little girl to offer that her finger-tip be removed if the relative regained his health. When it was suggested to her, Coming Daylight refused, even though her grandmother took after her with a stick. She actually ran away and wandered alone, until two nights later the relative died and an uncle finally found her.

On another occasion in her early youth, too, she defied a convention connected with kinship by refusing to join in mourning for an uncle who had been killed in revenge for having instigated the murder of his brother's wife. When her grandmother upbraided Coming Daylight for not expressing grief in the traditional manner, the latter defied her by saying: "I am not going to cry for that man. I don't know why you are crying for him. I have worked for that woman and she has fed me, and has even given me meat to bring home to you. I heard

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the shots and went later to see what happened, and there I saw her lying across the fire; her dress had burned off and her body was all shriveled. They weren't satisfied to kill her, but they burned her too!" She maintained her attitude and all the scolding from her relatives was of no avail.

Before turning to her adult life, we may refer to another instance which illustrates Coming Daylight's sensitivity to the suffering of others. In the Sacrifice Lodge, which is the Gros Ventre version of the well-known Plains Sun Dance, one of the important features was the spectacular self-torture which the active participants underwent. Each one had a sliver of wood embedded in the flesh of his chest. To the wood was tied a line, the other end of which was fastened high on the center-pole of the lodge. The man, leaning back so that the line was taut, went back and forth until finally the sliver was torn from his flesh. Meanwhile the women cheered on their relatives by "rattling their tongues," singing war songs, and the like, by way of encouraging the men to be brave and see the thing through. Coming Daylight was quite a young child when she first witnessed this performance. She remembered vividly her reaction when one of the young men, in his exhaustion, went to the center-pole and, putting his arms around it, wept aloud. She was not able to stand it any longer and rushed home crying. Her grandmother was very angry with her for leaving in the middle of the performance, but all the little girl could say was: "Oh, I just pitied that young man," and she could not be induced to return to the dance lodge. We may add here that actually in later years she did not participate in the Sacrifice Lodge even so far as women were allowed to do so.

The examples we have given are sufficient to show, I believe, that Coming Daylight had developed as a child a very strong set against violence, against painful and dangerous experiences. She refused medicine power from supernatural sources not only because it was dangerous but also because it involved a kind of physical activity which was repugnant to her. She refused to mutilate herself and was extremely sensitive to painful experiences in others. Her actual deviations from the patterns of accepted or approved behavior all tended in this same direction against violence. Her adult behavior likewise was consistent with this trend in her personality.

In consonance with her feeling against physical violence Coming Daylight avoided as far as possible the rough-and-tumble play in which brother-in-law and sister-in-law were free to, and indeed expected to, indulge. Other women told with glee how they enjoyed "getting even" with their brothers-in-law by, for instance, pushing them when fully clothed into the river, or dumping bucketfuls of water over their heads when they least expected it, and so on; but Coming Daylight admitted without hesitation that she didn't like that sort of thing and never attempted to retaliate even when her brothers-in-law succeeded in playing jokes on her. Similarly while it was not unusual for women rivals to actively fight over a man, she refrained from such undignified behavior, although it must be admitted that she had enough provocation on at least one occasion of which she told me. She had just married a man who was described by others as something of a gay Lothario. A woman who had been trying to force her attentions on him was furious when she heard of the marriage. She rushed to the lodge and pulled Coming Daylight out feet first, yelling insults the while. When the latter regained her feet she made no attempt to hit back even though the other slapped her and pulled off an earring, tearing the lobe of the ear. Coming Daylight, however, bided her time and soon was able to make an opportunity for an exchange of words with the woman at a big social dance.